

The Albany Register.

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THE PINK CALICO DRESS.

Some years ago, when I was a rambler through the streets of Cincinnati, for the purpose of picking up tridles to interest the readers of the local column of a city paper, I often purchased apples, nuts, and candies of a young girl who had a stand near the junction of two business avenues.

She was not handsome in the common acceptance of this much-abused word but there was an artlessness and yet a winning grace in her manner which convicted me that her situation in life should be above the one she then occupied. Her dress was invariably a close fitting pink calico one. I felt that her parents must be very poor, and as I saw her day after day in the same attire, I had my suspicions that her wardrobe could not be very extensive; yet, as she always appeared neat and tidy, it was a mystery to me how this striking neatness was secured, and why there was not ever any variety in her apparel. I saw that it was tasteful and becoming, but I knew that the ladies are proverbial for a love of variety in dress, and I had an interest in knowing why this simple girl was so remarkable an exception.

I have always delighted to study character either in high or low life, and I took it upon me to investigate the pretty apple girl's peculiarity. Her fruit was ever clean and tempting, but I often made purchases merely for the sake of forming an acquaintance. At length known to her as a liberal patron, she began to have less reserve with me than when I first noticed her, and finally I was emboldened to make inquiries in reference to her family. It was some time before she conversed freely, but by dint of perseverance, I learned that she lived with her mother in a pleasant cottage on a quiet street in the suburbs of the city. I knew the spot—its attractiveness had often interested me, and I now became more curious than ever to hear the story of the apple girl in the pink calico dress.

I ventured to ask permission to call on her mother, and make her acquaintance, under the plea of a love of birds and flowers, with both of which the cottage was surrounded. I did not receive the encouragement I wished, but still was left to hope that my curiosity might some day be gratified. As obstacles to my purpose increased I became more determined, and I resolved to change my tactics. I could understand the girl's disinclination to allow our acquaintance to become, in any respect familiar, but I knew that she would not dare to treat me rudely, and watching my opportunity one Sunday afternoon, I addressed her as she stood at the street gate of the cottage, and as I admired some flowers which grew in a bed near the house, she could not escape, politely, from the necessity of inviting me to walk through the yard. Accidentally we met the mother. I had an invitation to enter the cottage. Of course I accepted with pleasure, and finding the mother to be more communicative than the daughter, I managed to learn they were French people, although they both spoke English remarkably well. The cottage parlor was furnished plainly but elegantly. There were upon the mantel a number of delicate works of art, which I was satisfied could not have been purchased by the limited earnings of an apple girl.

Why a young girl who lived in a cottage, with so much evident taste and cultivation, should invariably wear a pink calico dress, and sell fruit, nuts and candy on the street, was to me a perplexing query. There was a web of romance weaving round the mysterious apple girl, which became more and more interesting, and every day my resolution to unravel it became stronger. There was so much modesty in the girl's bearing at her apple stand—she seemed so much afraid of scandal, should any converse with her longer than was necessary to make a purchase, that there was no way left for me to solve the mystery of her life but by visiting the cottage. Again I went without an invitation, and boldly made known the curiosity which led me to force myself upon their acquaintance. The daughter laughed heartily, and said, gaily:

"We have been just as much at fault to understand your curiosity as you have to reconcile our circumstances with our employment."

"Then we should be mutual confidants," I observed; "I have been very frank with you, and hope you will reciprocate."

"But our relations are not similar," she replied. "We are not responsible for your curiosity, but you for ours."

"Why so?" I asked.

"It was forced upon us."

"Indeed! and was not mine forced upon me, in such a manner, too, as left me no choice but to seek the mystery? But a truce to this bandying of words; you will not take advantage of my frank-

ness for any other purpose than to reward it with full explanations."

She looked at me a moment as if questioning my apparent honesty, and then said pleasantly:

"Well, as you have been so good a patron of my apple stand, and you take so much pains to know the romance of my history, if you will promise secrecy, I will tell you."

"I'll accept any condition that I can fulfill," I answered eagerly.

"Walk with me into the garden, then," said the girl.

We had a pleasant seat under a rustic arbor, when the lady remarked:

"Mother told you that we once lived in a village near Paris."

"She did," I answered, "on my first visit."

"We were not rich, but we had a pretty cottage, and an income sufficient to support us. Father died when I was a little girl. I had no brothers, but I had a playmate who was dearer than a brother. As we grew older, his parents, who were rich, forbade him to visit our house. We met in the fields, we loved each other, and would not be separated. His father learned that we still met, and he was very angry. He told his son that if he visited me he could not stay at home."

Our fathers had been bitter enemies, but we could not understand why that should make us enemies when we loved each other, and Emile declared that he would not neglect me, if his father did shut his doors against him. One day he said to me, 'I am going to run away, but not from you—from father, and you shall come to me, and then we never shall be parted.' It was hard to consent, but Emile insisted, and we took leave of each other, and he did run away. It was a long time before we heard from him—then we got a letter which told us he was in America. I had changed very much since Emile's absence, and mother was afraid I would die. I coaxed her to let me go to America; Emile told us in his letter that he lived in Cincinnati. When we arrived in Boston we inquired for Cincinnati, and were directed to this place. Mother bought this cottage, and here we have lived expecting to meet Emile."

"Have you ever heard from him?" I inquired.

"Only once," she answered.

"Do you know where he is now?"

"No, indeed; if we did we would not stay here long."

"Have you never written to him?"

"We do not know his name. He has changed it, as he told us in his letter, but he neglected to tell us what name he now bears."

"Do you think you will ever find him?"

"Yes, indeed, I do. I dream about him every night. I know he is not dead, and I shall soon meet him."

I made inquiry, hoping it might lead to some explanation of the pink dress and apple-selling mystery. She understood my look and tone of curiosity, and answered pleasantly:

"That will explain to you the romance of my dress and occupation. When Emile and I played together in France, I often wore a dress very like this one. If he should see me anywhere in this dress he would know me. I might meet him and not know him, but he would recognize me, and I would not dress in any other style, for fear we might miss each other."

"But why sell apples in the street?" said I, with a look of admiration of her devotion, which she could not well mistake; "there is certainly no necessity that you should be so occupied."

"Yes, there is," she answered, naively; "I must be where Emile could see me, if he should visit the city. I dare not be on the street all the time, unless I am occupied, and I never thought there was any disgrace in selling apples."

"Certainly not," I exclaimed, but "all who know your history will honor you. Accept my sincerest wishes that your devotion to the lover of your youth may be fully rewarded by an early meeting and a happy reunion."

"Thank you—thank you—but he is as much my lover now as he was when we were in France, and I know that I am going to see him soon. I will show him to you before winter, I know I will. Mother says I am foolish. But something tells me to hope and I do hope."

"May you not be disappointed," I said, involuntarily.

A few weeks after this interview I missed the apple girl in the pink dress from her accustomed stand. Fearing that she might be sick, I resolved to call at the cottage in the evening. When I went to my boarding house at supper time a note was handed to me. It contained these words:

"Dear Sir: Come to our house this evening. We have something more to tell you about the romance (as you call it) of my humble dress and occupation."

THE APPLE GIRL.

I went—the mother stood in the door to welcome me, but the daughter ran to meet me, and taking both of my

hands in hers, in a delirium of joy she cried:

"He's come!—he's come!"

In her pink dress at the apple stand, she had met Emile the day previous.

I stood that night a witness to their union, and a happier wedding I never attended. The devotion of the simple girl was rewarded—her faith was not misplaced—her homely talisman proved a true one.

The Ruling Passion.

A very good story is told of the old embargo times and the war of 1842. Under the impulse of the removal of the embargo there was a sudden rise in the value of property, and such a demand for it that merchandise was sometimes carried off from vessels before the owners arrived at their places of business; and the parties taking it came in afterward to say that they were at the owner's mercy and must pay what they choose to ask.

A brig was lying at Boston harbor which had come from Plymouth just before the embargo was laid, fit for sea. The Plymouth owner thought it was a good time to sell the brig, and sent his son up for the purpose, telling him to demand eight thousand dollars for her, and not take less than six thousand dollars. John went to Boston, found how things stood, sold the brig in a moment, as it were, and hurried home, elated with his bargain. As he neared the house, he saw the old man marching up and down the piazza, and presently he hastened out to meet his son, and hear the result of the sale.

"Have you sold the brig, John?"

"Yes, father."

"For how much?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand dollars?" cried the old man, with staring eyes, at hearing a price more than double what the vessel cost; "I'll bet you have sold her to some swindler who don't care what the price is, and never means to pay his notes."

"Notes, did you say, father? Why, there are no notes in the case. I got the money and put it in the bank. Draw, and you will get it."

The old gentleman's excitement was suddenly cooled, and as the ruling passion arose in its place, he said:

"I say, John couldn't you have got a little more?"

THE NEW VELOCIPEDS.—A shipment of velocipedes, which have become so very popular in Paris, may be soon expected in this city. The three-wheeled velocipedes used by boys, have been in use for twenty years, but the kind in question are an invention of only three years' date, and have but two wheels, one of which immediately succeeds the other in a straight line. A saddle is elevated above them, and stirrups are used, which, by a movement of the feet, create a rapid action of the apparatus, with an effort far less fatiguing to the limbs than walking. The mode of mounting is first to push it, accompanying the action by a movement of the foot in the left stirrup, and then suddenly to spring into the saddle and use both stirrups. Fully a week of practice is required, as the difficulty to the rider of balancing himself is great. A fall, however, is without danger, as his foot is always near the ground, and he has only to disengage it a moment from the stirrup to recover himself.

The movement of the instrument is very rapid. It can be propelled at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and races in Paris by means of it are very frequent. For these the length of the Champs Elysees and Bois de Boulogne, to St. Cloud, a distance of eight miles, is the favorite route. Its height is three feet, and length nearly seven feet. This last is an objection to its use in crowded streets. Otherwise it might be very useful to men whose avocations require much walking. The cost in Paris ranges from 300 to 700 francs, according to finish. It promises to be extensively in use here among young people, and will be a prominent feature of the Central Park. It is commonly seen on the pleasure drives of Paris, and ever in the streets, and is a great favorite.—*New York Globe Advertiser.*

When the celebrated engineer Brunel, who accomplished the desperate experiment of tunneling the Thames river, was brought before a committee of the British Parliament, he was asked if the speed of eighty miles per hour on a certain railroad would be much more dangerous to the traveler upon it than the speed of forty.

"It would be just the same," said he.

"And a speed of ninety miles?"

"Just the same."

"And a speed of one hundred miles?"

"Just the same! for," added he, "if the cars should run off the track at the rate of forty miles per hour, the passengers would all go to the d—l, and at one hundred miles per hour, they could not conveniently go any farther."

A New York lady offers \$50 reward for her lost parrot.

EASTERN NEWS BY MAIL.

We copy from the New York Herald of Jan. 16th:

PENSION TO MRS. LINCOLN.

The bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Morton, of Indiana, for the relief of Mary Lincoln, widow of the late President Lincoln, rests upon good foundation. It is presented in the shape of a claim for a pension due to the widow of the Commander-in-Chief of the army of the United States, slain by the enemy while acting in the capacity of the head of the Union forces; and in this shape we presume there will be no objection to the pension proposed in either House. Mr. Sumner suggested that the annual allowance to the widow be fixed at five thousand dollars; and the Committee to which the bill has been referred need have no fear that this will be too much. Considering the high prices of living during and since the war, the President's salary of twenty-five thousand dollars is a pitiful sum; considering the fact that the untimely death of President Lincoln cut off his family from the benefits of nearly a whole term of four years; and considering the good name, honor and dignity of the Government of the United States, this relief bill should be passed without chaffering and delay. A graceful thing loses half its merits if not gracefully done.

From the Louisville (Ky.) Sun of Jan. 16th, we have an account of

GHOSTS ON THE OHIO RIVER.

As the Mississippi and Cincinnati Packet Company's steamer *Minneola* was passing up the Ohio, Thursday night at 8.30 o'clock, when within a short distance of the spot where the recent collision occurred between the mail line steamers *United States* and *America*, the watchman, Jacob Thorp, and barkeeper, John McIlurion, who were on the guards, together with Mr. Murphy, the steward of the boat, looking out for the wreck and desiring to see how the place looked, were startled by a pale-blue light which rose slowly from out the water to the height of several feet and lasted about fifty seconds, when it disappeared. The light itself was not very bright, yet they could distinctly see the outlines of the wreck and on the bank for some distance. They were at first puzzled, but before a minute elapsed another light was seen to rise the same as the first. The pilot who saw the first one was now also puzzled, and was ready to believe it a "hail" and about to answer it, when a third column of light rose nearly alongside. As several of the officers saw them and consulted as they gazed in wonderment at the spectacle, at the same time watching closely for any sign of men about the wreck and failed to discover any cause for these singular phenomena, some became somewhat excited and one or two rather terrified, as they were not much unlike the ghosts of the departed. The officers who saw them affirm positively, and we cannot doubt their assertions, asserted earnestly as they are, that these lights, singular, wonderful and unaccountable, exploded and expanded after rising and assumed human forms. Every one on the boat was aroused and great excitement prevailed. All went out on watch, but after passing the wreck no more were seen.

The New Haven Register of Jan. 16th, gives account of a

HEAVY ROBBERY IN NEW HAVEN.

Dr. W. M. Howard of West Farley (Vt.), arrived here last evening (14th) on the seven o'clock train from New York and remained until the departure of the eleven o'clock for Boston. During the interval he called upon the family of O. F. Winchester. Soon after getting on board the train he discovered that his coat pockets had been cut open and a pocket-book stolen in which he had four \$1,000 United States bonds, eight \$1,000 greenbacks and one \$500 greenback—in all \$22,500. He remembered passing through a jostling crowd in the depot, and a brakeman saw two men jump off after the train was in motion. Putting these facts together, Dr. Howard, after conferring with the police of Hartford, took an officer and returned here this morning. On informing Mr. Winchester of the circumstances, however, it was learned that the cut was made before he called there, as Mr. Winchester observed it at the time. This would seem to indicate that the robbery was committed either in New York, on the road, or when he left the train on its arrival. There was a cut on the other breast of the doctor's coat, about two inches long, which penetrated another pocket-book in which was \$14,000, which the thieves did not succeed in extracting. Dr. Howard stated to attend to the case that he received \$18,000 in New York in the presence of no one but the President of the bank where he obtained it, but that he counted over all he had in his hotel in the presence of the clerk. He was confident that no one but the clerk was present; but it is just possible that other eyes were upon him and the fact that

attempts were made to get possession of both pocket-books seems to indicate that the thieves were well booked as to their location. Dr. Howard's family required his immediate attention and he has gone home, but the police will make every possible exertion to recover his property.

From Decatur (Ill.), under date of Jan. 16th, we have an account of a

TERRIBLE STABBING AFFRAY.

Last Tuesday night, at the school-house about two miles northwest of this city a terrible scene ensued after services were over. The particulars, as we learn, are as follows: James Dilliner accompanied two ladies to the school-house from their respective homes; but, before he did so, he was threatened with vengeance by three persons—John Brown, Perry Brown and Randall Sturgess, who professed to have claims upon the young ladies, and wished to take them to the school-house. After services there were over, and Dilliner had advanced some distance from the school-house with the two ladies, the two Browns and Sturgess jumped upon him with hickory clubs, and commenced using them with intent to kill. Dilliner, seeing the danger he was in, pulled out from under his vest a large knife, and with it cut right and left, inflicting several serious wounds upon the person of John Brown, and it is thought he cannot survive the stabbing he received many more hours. The other two were also bruised and cut slightly. Dilliner received some heavy blows from the hands of his assailants, but it is thought he will recover. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of Perry and the others, but it was discovered that they had fled the country.

The Chicago Republican, of Jan. 15th, gives the particulars of a tragedy which occurred at Napierville (Ill.), on the 13th:

A Coroner's inquest has been held on the remains of James W. Laird, killed at Napierville, Dupage county, by Chauncey Bailey, on suspicion of a criminal intercourse with his (Bailey's) wife. From the testimony given at the inquest it appears that Chauncey Bailey, the injured husband, resided in the western suburbs of Napierville; that some three months ago one James W. Laird, a young and not bad looking man, and formerly a resident of the village, returned from the somewhat fast town of Cheyenne, where he had held the position of Sheriff of the county in which Cheyenne is located, as also the position of Deputy United States Marshal for the district. Besides this, Laird was formerly a proprietor of the Virginia City (Nevada) Union, and at another time he worked as a printer in San Francisco. During the three months since his return an improper intimacy grew up between the ex-Sheriff and the wife of Bailey—an intimacy which, although perfectly evident to the community at large, was not known to Bailey till quite recently. At last a friend of the injured husband told him of the disgraceful rumors. Bailey very properly commenced to investigate as to the facts in the case. So accordingly he immediately started off to Elgin—that is, to speak more accurately, he told his wife that he so intended. This departure for Elgin, Mrs. Bailey was informed, would take place Wednesday morning. But this part of the programme was not carried out. During the day the ex-Sheriff received a note, written in a feminine hand, conveying the information that Bailey had left town for that day. Accordingly Laird proceeded to the house of the woman about 9 o'clock in the evening. A gentle rap at the door, and Mrs. Bailey admitted him. Soon after the entrance of Laird, Bailey appeared on the ground—gazing at the guilty pair through a hole which he had cut out in the window curtain the previous evening. His wife and Laird at the time were sitting together on a lounge in the sitting room, but soon went into an adjoining bedroom. Waiting but a few minutes, Bailey burst in the door, and, dashing into the bedroom, caught his wife and her paramour *flagrante delicto*. Laird attempted to escape, but the outraged husband drew a revolver, and, before the libertine reached the door, shot him in the breast immediately over the heart. Five shots were fired in all, only one of which took effect. Laird succeeded in reaching the open air, ran a few rods, and fell a corpse. Bailey immediately gave himself up, but the authorities did not incarcerate him, allowing him to sleep where he desired to in the village. The cause of the above tragedy, or one of its causes, (Mrs. Bailey), is a tolerably handsome woman, about twenty-eight years of age. She commenced her career of free love by eloping with a Universalist clergyman. This first departure from virtuous womanhood was, however, hushed up, the erring woman apparently becoming a repentant. The citizens fully justify the homicide.

It takes \$200,000 a day to pay for the pork packed in Cincinnati.

Twelve columns of bankrupt notices were recently printed in one impression of a Richmond (Va.) paper.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Name me, and you destroy me? Silence.

Why is a dancing-master like a tree? Because he's full of bows (boughs).

Why is love like a duck's foot? Because it often lies hidden in the breast.

Why is a lovely young lady like a hinge? Because she is something to adore.

Why is St. Paul's cathedral like a bird's nest? Because it is built by a Wren.

Why is it absurd to expect a pretty girl to be candid? Because she cannot be plain.

Why are the Joneses like the Greenland fisheries? Because they abound in W(h)ales.

Why is a blazing fire like a generous heart? Because it exhibits a grate-ful warmth.

Why is a person asking questions the strangest of all individuals? Because he's the querist.

What extraordinary kind of meat may be obtained in the Isle of Wight? Mutton from Cowes.

When is the best time to read the book of nature? When autumn turns the leaves.

Why do birds feel depressed early in the morning? Because their bills are all over dew.

An exchange says there is a lady in that town so modest that she will not allow the "Christian Advocate" to remain in her room over night!

An exchange says lovers, like armies, generally get along quietly until they are engaged.

A tipsy loafer mistook a globe lamp with letters on it for the queen at night. "Well," said he, "if somebody ain't stuck an advertisement on the moon!"

Dead crows are said to be representatives of the lost caws.

What is the only pain we make light of? A window-pane.

A very unpopular officer for young ladies—General Housework.

Habit is a cable. We weave threads of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

It's a very unsafe thing to sell anything to a person in bed, because he must be buying on tick.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

Neither men nor women are what they seem. For particulars inquire of the tailors and dressmakers.

A cockney friend declares that a drowned rat is like a horse-doctor, because he is a "wet an' airy 'un."

When a man is out of money he shows the least of it. When he is out of temper he shows the most of it.

He that is going to speak ill of another, let him consider himself well, and he will hold his peace.

A Hungarian, desiring to remark on the domestic habits of a young lady, said, "Oh, Miss, how homely you are!"

At the marriage of a widower out West, a brass band played the tune my wife's dead and I've got another one.

The Marquis de Cussy, a French writer on gastronomical subjects, has defined indigestion to be "the ingratitude of the stomach."

What is the difference between a town and its people? It is laid out at the beginning of its existence, and they at the end of theirs.

Where do you find the earliest mention of a free admission to the theatre? When Joseph was let into the pit by his brethren for nothing.

A Bangor Judge refuses to hear divorce cases this term, because the cold weather is likely to bring the parties together again if they are let alone.

An Irish magistrate, securing some boys for loitering in the streets, said, "If everybody were to stand in the streets, how could anybody get by?"

Josh Billings says human nature is the same, all over the world, except in New England, and that is just according to circumstances.

If I had a boy who did all the wet work to suit me, I would set him to work in a retail dry goods store.

I have finally run to the kitchen to get a good reliable set of bowls with more to a man than any quantity of branes.

The man who can wear a shirt a hole weak and keep it clean, that is for something else.

I never knew a fool who had not a good voice.

Thieves hunt in couples, but a liar has no accomplice.

There is multitudes of folks that mean well enough, but how like the devil they act.

Laramie has voted to keep its city organization.